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The City of Jerusalem.



We this week present our readers with a highly interesting view of the City of Jerusalem—"The blessed city," as it is called even by the Mahomedans—the city that men call "the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth." Our engraving represents the city in its present state, and is copied from a drawing made on the spot two years ago.

According to Josephus, Jerusalem was built in the year 2023 from the Creation, in a rocky and barren soil, by Melchizedek, and was known anciently by several names. Its site occupied Mounts Moriah and Aera, and it was surrounded with mountains. Its territory and environs were watered by the springs of Gehon and Siloam, and by the torrent or brook of Kedron. David built a new city on Mount Zion opposite to the ancient one, being separated from it by the valley of Mills; he also augmented and embellished the old city; but Solomon, from the number and stateliness of the works which he

VOL. II.

erected, rendered Jerusalem one of the most beautiful cities of the East.

It was during the reign of Tiberius that Jerusalem was rendered memorable to all succeeding ages by the death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who was crucified on Friday, April 3, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of 33, on Mount Calvary, a hill which was then without the walls on the north side of the city.

Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70. At the siege, according to Josephus, 97,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conqueror, 11,000 perished with hunger, and the whole number slain and taken prisoners during the war was 1,460,000. In the year 130, Adrian undertook to rebuild the city, and gave it the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, which name it bore until the time of Constantine.

It was taken in 614, by the Persians; in 636 by the Saracens; and in 1099 by the Crusaders, who founded a kingdom.

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which lasted till 1187, when it was taken down by Saladin, king of Egypt. In 1517 it was taken by the Turks, who have kept possession of it ever since.

The modern city of Jerusalem is built on Mount Moriah. The ascents on every side are steep except to the north. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed by mountains, so that it seems to be situated in the middle of an amphitheatre. The walls are about three miles in circumference. Dr. Clarke, speaking of the appearance of the city, says, "We were not prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which it exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld as it were a flourishing and stately metropolis, presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendour." A more recent traveller, Sir Frederic Hamilton, gives the following account of the present state of Jerusalem:—

The town is about a mile in length and half a mile in width. The best view of it is from the Mount of Olives; it commands the exact shape, and nearly every particular, viz. the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, the mosque of Omar, St. Stephen's Gate, the round topped houses, and the barren vacancies of the city. Without the walls are a Turkish burial-ground, the tomb of David, a small grove near the tombs of the Kings, and all the rest is a surface of rock, on which are a few numbered trees. The mosque of Omar is the Saint Peter's of Turkey, and the respective saints are held respectively by their own faithful, in equal veneration. The building itself has a light pagoda appearance; the garden in which it stands occupies a considerable part of the city; and, contrasted with the surrounding desert, is beautiful; but it is forbidden ground, and Jew or Christian entering within its precinct, must, if discovered, forfeit either his religion or his life. Lately, as a traveller was entering the city, a man snatched part of his luggage from the camel, and fled here for shelter. A few days since a Greek Christian entered the mosque; he was a Turkish subject, and servant to a Turk; he was invited to change his religion; but refused, and was immediately murdered by the mob. His body remained exposed in the street, and a passing Mussulman, kicking up the head, ex-

claimed—"That is the way I would serve all Christians." One of the methods of justifying an assault, and of extorting money, is by swearing to have seen a Christian in the mosque, or to have heard him blaspheme the Prophet; and false witnesses to the fact are very readily found. In my ascent up the Mount of Olives, a slave amused himself by pelting me with stones; and, on proceeding to punish him, my attendant called me off from the pursuit, and told me that Blackee would probably swear to have heard me blaspheme the prophet; and slaves are doubly protected—by the laws, and by their masters.

The fountain of Siloa is so inconsiderable, and water altogether so scarce, that when my friend, Mr. Grey, inquired the way to it, the person refused to tell him, giving him as a reason—"You will write it in your book, and I vow to God that we shall have no water next year."

The tomb of David is held in great respect by the Turks, and to swear by it is one of their most sacred oaths. The tomb of the Kings is an inconsiderable excavation in the rock: three small chambers, in which are receptacles for the coffins; the lid of a sarcophagus, of tolerable workmanship, remains yet unbroken, as also a stone door. In the Aceldama, or field of blood, is a square building, into which are thrown the bones of strangers who may happen to die there. This side of the mountain is pock-marked with sepulchral caves, like the hills at Thebes: concerning these Dr. Clarke has made mention. The burial-place of the Jews is over the valley of Kedron, and the fees for breaking the soil afford a considerable revenue to the governor. The tomb of Jehosaphat is respected; but at the tomb of Absalom every Jew, as he passes, throws a stone, not like the Arab custom in so doing to perpetuate a memory, but to overwhelm it with reproach: among the tombs is one having an Egyptian torus and cornice, and another surmounted by a pyramid on a Grecian base, as if the geniuses of the two countries had met half-way. The burial-place of the Turks is under the walls, near St. Stephen's Gate: from the opposite side of the valley, I was witness to the ceremony of parading a corpse round the mosque of Omar, and then bringing it forth for burial. I hastened to the grave, but was soon driven away; as far as my "on dit" tells me, it would have been worth see-

ing: the grave is strewn with red earth; by the side of the corpse is placed a stick, and the priest tells him that the Devil will tempt him to become a Christian, but that he must make good use of his stick; that his trial will last three days, and that he will then find himself in a mansion of glory, &c.

The church of the Holy Sepulchra is a small unworthy building: it is held in respect by the Turks, inasmuch as they allow that our Saviour was a holy man, and it is guarded by them, as they derive great benefit by a poll-tax levied upon pilgrims at admission. The Greeks, having most money to pay the governor, have the greatest possessions in the building, and they have at present immured the tomb of Geoffroi: every stone is contended for by rival parties, and becomes a source of wealth to the Mahomedans. The Jew may not presume to enter even the court-yard of the temple; I saw one unfortunate wretch dragged in, and, before he was kicked out, he was severely beaten by both Christians and Turks. These outcasts are so thoroughly despised, that an angry Arab will sometimes curse a man by calling him, "you Jew of a Christian." - The *on di* that conducted me through the regular routine, pointed out first the Via Dolorosa, by which our Saviour carried the cross; and here was the house of Pilate; and here was the prison of Peter; and, among various identical places, were those, where Stephen was stoned, where Judas betrayed his master with a kiss, where our Saviour composed the Lord's Prayer, and whence he ascended into heaven. But there is no box of sweetmeats, no museum of relics; no Virgin's garment, as at Aix-la-Chapelle; no part of the crown of thorns, as in the church of St. Cecilia at Rome; no vessel full of the Virgin's milk, as in the Basilica di S. Croce. There is scarcely one visible object, excepting part of the pillar to which our Saviour was bound, and even this is rather to be felt than seen; you are allowed to touch it with a stick, and to see if you can, by a rushlight. I wished, but in vain, to discover if it were of the same material as that shown at Rome, and to which is attached the same account.

As in Greece there is not a remarkable hill without a fable, so in Palestine there is not a cave nor a stone without some historical anecdote from the New Testament. The generality of pilgrims to Jerusalem are Greeks;

they bring acceptable offerings, and are probably unable to read: and, therefore, the method of the cicerone to make them acquainted with the life of our Saviour is commendable; even the Old Testament is not forgotten, though Titus is: the pool of Beersheba and David's Tower are still pointed out to believing pilgrims.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously estimated at from 14,000 to 30,000. The inhabitants derive their principal support from the visits of pilgrims, who, it is said, leave behind them 60,000*l.* annually.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF SIX DESERTERS.

The following singular and affecting narrative of the sufferings attending six deserters, from the Artillery of St. Helena, was related before a Court of Inquiry, on oath, by John Brown, one of the survivors:

In June 1799 I belonged to the first company of artillery, in the service of the garrison; and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner and orderly of the second company, asked me if I was willing to go with him on board an American ship called the Columbra, Captain Henry Letar, the only ship then in the Roads. After some conversation I agreed, and met him about seven o'clock at the Play-house, where I found one Mr. Quin, of Major Searle's company; another man called Brighthouse, another called Parr, and the sixth Matthew Conway. Parr was a good seaman, and said he would take us to the Island of Ascension, or lay off the harbour till the Columbra could weigh anchor and come out. Brighthouse and Conway proposed to cut a whale-boat from out of the harbour, to prevent the Columbra being suspected; which they effected, having therein a coil of rope and five oars, with a large stone she was moored by: this happened about eleven at night. We observed lanterns passing on the line towards the sea gate, and hearing a great noise, thought we were missed and searched for. We immediately embarked in the whale-boat, with about twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, a small keg of water, supposed to contain about thirteen gallons, and a compass given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbra. We then left the ship, puffing with two oars only to get a-head of her; the boat was half full of water, and nothing to bale her out. In this

condition we rowed out to sea, and lay off the Island a great distance, expecting the American ship hourly: about 12 o'clock, the second day, no ship appearing, by Parr's advice, we bore away, steering N. by W. and then N.N.W. for the Island of Ascension, using our handkerchiefs as substitutes for sails.

We continued our course till about the 18th in the morning, when we saw a number of birds, but no land; about twelve that day Parr said he was sure that we must be past the Island, accounting it must be 800 miles from St. Helena. We then each of us took our shirts, and with them made a small sprit sail, and laced jackets and trowsers together to the waistband to keep us warm, and then altered our course to W. by N., thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coast. Provisions running very short we allowed ourselves one ounce of bread for twenty-four hours, and two mouthfuls of water. We continued till the 26th, when all our provisions were expended. On the 27th Mr. Quin took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and we all followed his example. On that night, it being my turn to steer the boat, and remembering to have read of persons in our situation eating their shoes, I cut a piece off one of mine; but, it being soaked with salt water, I was obliged to spit it out, and take the inside sole, which I eat part of, and distributed to the rest, but found no benefit from it. On the 1st of July Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat. We all fell on our knees, and thanked God for his goodness to us. We tore up the fish, and hung it to dry; about four we eat part of it, which agreed with us pretty well, on this fish we subsisted till the 4th; about eleven o'clock, when finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, myself, Brighthouse, and Conway proposed to scuttle the boat, and let her go down to put us out of our misery; the other two rejected, observing, that God who had made man always found something to eat. On the 5th, about eleven, M'Kinnon proposed that it would be better to cast lots for one of us to die, in order to save the rest; to which we consented; the lots were made, William Parr, being sick two days before with the spotted fever, was excluded. It was agreed that No. 5 should die, and the lots being unfolded, M'Kinnon was No. 5. We had agreed that he whose lot it was should bleed

himself to death, for which purpose we had provided ourselves with nails sharpened, which we got from the boat; M'Kinnon, with one of them, cut himself in three places, in his foot, hand, and wrist, and praying God to forgive him, died in quarter of an hour. Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse, with one of those nails, cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat; about three hours after we all eat of it, only a very small piece: this piece lasted us till the 7th. We dipped the body every two hours into the sea to preserve it. Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, he sharpened it on the other large stone, and with it cut another piece off the thigh, which lasted us till the 8th; when it being my watch, and observing the water, about break of day, to change colour, I called the rest, thinking we were near shore, but saw no land, it not being quite day light. As soon as day appeared, we discovered land right a-head, and steering towards it, about eight in the morning we were close to the shore: there being a very heavy surf, we endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, but, being very weak, we were unable. Soon after the boat upset, myself, Conway, and Parr got on shore. Mr. Quin and Brighthouse were both drowned. We discovered a small hut on the beach, in which was an Indian and his mother, who spoke Portuguese, and I understanding that language, learnt that there was a village about three miles distant, called Belmont. This Indian went to the village, and gave information that the French had landed, and in about two hours the governor of the village, a clergyman, with several armed men, took Conway and Parr prisoners, tying them up by their hands and feet, and slinging them on a bamboo stick; and in this manner took them to the village. I being very weak remained in the hut some time, but was afterwards taken. On our telling them we were English, we were immediately released, and three hammocks provided. We were taken in them to the governor's house, who let us lay on his own bed, and gave us milk and rice to eat; not having eat any thing for a considerable time, we were lock-jawed, and continued so till the 23d; during which time the governor wrote to the governor of St. Salvador, who sent a small schooner to a place called Port Seguro, to take us to St. Salvador. We continued there about thir-

teen days, during which time the inhabitants made up a subscription of 200*l.* each man. We then embarked in the *Maria*, a Portuguese ship, for Lisbon, Parr as mate, Conway boatswain's mate, myself, being sickly, a passenger. In thirteen days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. I was determined to give myself up the first opportunity, in order to relate my sufferings to the men of this garrison, to deter them from ever attempting so mad a scheme.

STANZAS TO MISS A. M.

My Nancy! when each summer flow'r
Is blooming in its pride again,
I'll fly to thee, and one sweet hour
Shall pay me for an age of pain.
One gentle word—one dear caress—
One beaming smile will then suffice
To welcome from the wilderness
A wanderer into Paradise.

Tho' here, when friends around I see,

My heart its sorrow smothers;
'T would rather weep its tears with thee,

Than joy in smiles with others.

For when my young heart's prospect
seem'd

A cheerless waste, all gloom and
night,

Thine eye upon its darkness beam'd,
And warm'd it into life and light.

And as a lone but lovely flow'r,

Which when all other flow'rs depart,
Still blooms within its ruin'd bow'r,

Thou bloomest in my lonely heart.

And shall I then the rose forget,

Which seem'd in hope's wreath
braided,

And, like a spirit, lingers yet,

Now all the rest have faded?

Oh no! the heart which is the seat
Of love like mine, can never rove;

Its faithful pulse may cease to beat,

But never—never cease to love.

For love is past the earth's control,

And soaring as the ocean-wave;

It is eternal as the soul,

And lives and blooms beyond the
grave;

It is a link of pleasure's chain;

A never-ending token;

Whose lustre and whose strength
remain,

When all save that are broken.

S. A. R.

ACCOUNT OF ST. BRUNO, THE
FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF
CARTHUSIAN FRIARS.

(From the Narrative of a Tour taken
in the year 1667 to La Grande Char-
treuse and Alet, by Dom Claude
Lancelot.)

St. Bruno was a native of Cologne—he was descended from noble and religious parents, and completed his academical course with brilliant success. After having held the highest offices in the church, both at Cologne and Rheims, he suddenly resolved to quit the world, and to spend the remainder of his days in monastic seclusion.—He imparted his resolution to six young men, who determined to be the companions of his retirement.—They withdrew to a seclusion, named Sciesse Fontaine, in the Diocese of Laogres. Bruno went afterwards to Grenoble, in order to look out for a still more sequestered and inaccessible situation. Hugh, the Bishop of that city, strongly recommended the desert of the Chartreuse—it was, he said, effectually precluded from intrusion, by the frightful precipices and almost inaccessible rocks by which it was surrounded. Accordingly, in the year 1084, Bruno and his companions retired to the Chartreuse; he was then but three-and-twenty years of age. He did not institute any new rule, but only revived the disused one of St. Bennett in all its primitive austerity. The Bishop had scarcely allowed his friend time to establish himself in this desert, when he passed a law that no huntsman, no shepherd, nor any woman should ever pass its confines. The situation of La Chartreuse seems to render the latter precaution quite superfluous. Bruno lived six years on this spot. He was afterwards sent for to Rome, by Pope Urban II., who had formerly been a disciple of Bruno, and had the highest opinion of his judgment. After arranging all the affairs of his monastery, Bruno obeyed. Disgusted by the vices and intrigues of a court, he soon quitted Rome, and retired into the desert of Squillau, in Calabria; there he founded another monastery, at which he expired on the 6th of October, 1101.

The original Chartreux far exceeded the present ones in the austerity of their discipline. Peter the Venerable was Abbot of Clugny at the very period at which St. Bruno established his order. Both he and de Guignes, the first prior, have left an ample account of them. Each member of the community had a cell with a little garden adjoining. In

this cell, he ate, slept, and worked; excepting during the hours of out-door exercise, which each passed in cultivating his own little garden. By this means, the recluses, however numerous, had no communication with each other. They never met, but in the hour of public service, excepting on a Sunday, when they were allowed to go to the proper officer, who gave them their portions of food for the week. Every one cooked his provisions in his own cell. Their only sustenance was coarse brown bread and vegetables;—they were likewise allowed to receive fish when it was given them. In cases of illness they were allowed two spoonsful of wine to a pint of water: and on high festivals cheese was permitted. The cells were furnished with water by a brook which ran close by, and which entered the cells through holes left in the wall for that purpose. They always wore hair-cloth next the skin. Whenever it was necessary to make any communication to their brethren, they did it by signs, if possible. Every cell was furnished with skins of parchment, pens, ink, and colours; and each one employed himself for a certain time every day in writing or transcribing. No one was allowed to take the vows till the age of twenty. Such were the original customs of the Carthusians.

The cause to which tradition ascribes the conversion of St. Bruno, is singular: some, however, are inclined to deem it fabulous. Whilst a canon at Paris, Bruno formed a peculiar intimacy with another Canon of the name of Raymond Diocres: the latter is said to have been exceedingly social and agreeable, but not a decidedly religious character. One day they both dined together at a large party; after a very convivial meeting, Raymond was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and fell on the floor without any signs of life. Bruno was deeply distressed;—preparations were made for the funeral—and, as a particular friend of the deceased, Bruno was of course invited. The body was brought on a bier, in an open coffin covered with a pall, by torchlight. It was placed in the chapel which was hung with black, and illuminated with a profusion of tapers: a solemn anthem was sung, and the priest began the service. After a little while, the pall which covered the body appeared to heave, and the supposed corpse slowly raised itself out of the coffin—its eyes were glazed and fixed, and the paleness of death overspread the stiff and sharpened features, whilst, with a look of

deep anguish and horror, it uttered in a slow and hollow voice, the following words:—"Justo judicio Dei, appellatus sum!"—Justo judicio Dei, judicatus sum!—Justo judicio Dei, condemnatus sum!"—With these last words he sent forth a cry of unutterable anguish and despair, and fell down dead. The assembly were petrified with horror—the book fell from the Priest's hands—each one stood motionless. In the midst of this awful silence, Bruno, then a youth, stepped forward, and prostrating himself on the ground, prayed aloud for mercy, and pronounced a solemn vow, dedicating himself entirely henceforth to the service of God, who had given him to witness so unspeakably awful a judgment.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

The origin of names is curious and interesting. According to Mr. Brady the oldest and most natural names seem to be those that are derived from complexion or stature, as brown, white, long, short, fairhead, golightly, heavy-sides, &c. Many are derived from trades or employments, as smith, wright, taylor, cook, gardener, waller, capper, or bonnet-maker. Others are patronymics, as Richardson, Robertson, Robinson, Johnson, Harrison, Thomson, Wilson, &c. Another class from the place of birth, as Garrick, Wilton, Bollingbroke, Eaton, Leeds, Teasdale, Thorpe, East, West, Eastcott, Westcott, Prestcott, &c. Another class from offices or dignities, as King, Lord, Noble, Knight, Steward, Clark, Major. Another class from animals, vegetables, or utensils, as Swan, Crow, Dove, Herring, Bacon, Bullock, Ash, Beech, Rose, Bloom, Berry, Patten, Buckle, Scales, Wall, Chambers, and Kitchen. Another class from astronomy and agriculture, as Heaven, Moon, Star, Cloud, Fielder, Hedger, Ditcher, Close, Labe, &c. It is supposed surnames were introduced in England by the Normans. Mr. Brady, who has lately written "*A Critical and Analytical Disertation on the Names of Persons*," appears surprised to find so many colours, as White, Green, Yellow, and not one Red; but probably this name (as the monthly reviewers observe) has been expanded into Reed and Read. We

* By the just judgment of God, I am
cited!
By the just judgment of God, I am
judged!
By the just judgment of God, I am con-
demned!

have a Mr. Lightfoot, whose weight is only one stone less than that of the memorable Lambert; a Miss Ewe, who is the tenderest and most innocent lamb in the universe; a Mr. Plot, who never thought in his life; a Mrs. Blackmore, one of the fairest ladies in the world; and Mr. Lean, one of the fattest men in the city of London. Sometimes Mr. Wiseman is the greatest fool in his parish; and Mr. Price is notoriously the name of a man of no price or value whatever; Mr. Goodchild broke the hearts of his father and mother, by his wicked and undutiful conduct. Mr. Thoroughgood turned out a complete rogue and vagabond at fifteen years of age, and was transported at the expense of government at twenty-five years; Mr. Gotobed, up all night smoking and drinking; Mr. Hogg is so particularly cleanly and neat in his person, as to be the admiration of all his acquaintance; Mr. Armstrong has scarcely physical power in either of his arms to dance his own baby for five minutes; and Mr. Playfair is a notorious sharper. Many years have not elapsed since Horace drew beer at an ale-house in Wapping, and Homer was particularly famous for earring sore legs. Mrs. Fury is perhaps the quietest woman in Europe; Mr. Prater, always quiet with a pipe in his mouth; Mr. Nightingale has a worse voice than a raven; Mrs. Lightfoot has lost one of her legs, and got the gout in the other, and poor Mrs. Ogile was born blind. Such is the folly of giving incongruous names. A few years ago there lived in Cheapside, next door to each other, two persons of the names of Penny and Farthing, who could easily accommodate each other with ringing the changes in the small way. At present there are living in Smithfield and Chapel Street, Soho Square, two persons of the names of Carver and Cutmore, who keep eating houses—sulling their names to their actions in life—thus: Pray, Mr. Cutmore, eat me some more beef; and pray, Mr. Carver, do not in future carve my mutton so thin. And Langbourne Ward has lately been contested by two gentlemen, Des-anges and Key—the first, whose ancestors were perhaps angels and ministers of grace—and the others remained stationary at the portal of heaven with the key in their hands. P.T.W.

FEMALE CHARACTERS ON THE STAGE.

It is well known that in the time of Shakespeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were repre-

sented by boys or young men. However strange this may appear to those who have been accustomed to see the women's parts performed by females, it should be remembered, that in the infancy of the English stage, while plays were performed by the boys of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, as is now the case occasionally at Westminster and other great schools; and one boy (S. Pavy), who died in his 13th year, was so admirably an actor of old men, that Ben Jonson, in his elegant epitaph on him, says the Fates thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life:—

“Yeeres he numbered scarce thirteen,
when Fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three ill'd Zodiaches had he been
to the stage's jewel;
And did act (what we do mourn) old
men so duely,
As sooth the Parcae thought him one,
he play'd so truly,
So, by error, to his fate they all con-
sented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late!)
they have repented,
And have sought (to give new birth)
in bathes to steep him;

But, being much too good for earth,
Heav'n vows to keep him;
This celebrated child performed origi-
nally in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*
and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and
1601.

Before the civil wars of Charles the First, boys continued to be trained to act women's characters; during the suspension of the theatres they had out-lived and out-grown the proper size for female personification. The introduction, therefore, of women on the stage (its greatest beauty and ornament), seems to have resulted from necessity. In “A Prologue to the King,” in Jordan's *Royal Arthur*, p. 12, is the following passage:

“For doubting we should never play
agen,
We have play'd all our women into
men.

That are of such large size for flesh
and bones.

They'll rather taken be for Amazons,
Than tender maids.

And in the Prologue for *Demetrius*,
this is said:

“Our women are defective, and so
foolish.”

You'd think they were some of the
ward dispos'd.

For, to speak truth, men act the life
between

Korty and Amy, wenchcs of fifteen;

With bones so large, and nerve so in-compliant,
When you call *Desdemona*—enter
Giant."

Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatres, first introduced females in the scene, and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been the first woman that appeared on the English stage.—Andrew Pennywick played the part of *Matilda*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655, and Kynaston acted several female parts after the Restoration.—The *Parson's Wedding*, by Thomas Killigrew, and which met with the most general approbation, it is remarkable, was acted by women only.

The anecdote of King Charles the Second waiting till the heroine of a play was shaved, is well known. Some time elapsing after the King had arrived at the theatre before the play began, Charles inquired the cause, and was told by the manager that they were waiting for the Queen to be shaved!

ADRIAN'S DYING MAN TO HIS SOUL.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—Your 29th Number contained a translation of Adrian's "*Dying Man to his Soul*," which doubtless suggested Pope's verses on the same subject; allow me to submit an attempt at a closer imitation of the original:

Ah, fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire;
That long hast warm'd my tender
breast;
Must thou no more this frame inspire,
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah! whither! art thou flying?
To what dark, undiscover'd shore;
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring,
dying,

And wit and humour are no more.

JACOBUS.

The Sketch Book.

No. I.

THE MILK MAID.

BY MR. THOMAS OVERBURY.

A happy Milk-maid is a country-girl that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of her is able to beat all *face painting* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her ap-

parel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with laying long a-bed, spoil both her complexion and condition; nature hath taught her, that too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises, therefore, with the lark, and goes to bed with the lamb. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems as if so sweet a milk-press made the milk the sweeter and the whiter, for never came perfumed gloves or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall to kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that selled them. Her breath is her own, which smells all the year long, as in June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dare go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, for she is always accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pallied with ensuing idle thoughts. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she concoals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, that she may have store of flowers strewed with her corpse.

A negro servant in the West Indies, having carried a letter from his master to a neighbouring planter, fell asleep on the floor, while the latter was preparing an answer. When it was finished, he desired that the negro might be awakened; but this was no easy matter. The negro who attempted to rouse him, exclaimed "you no hear Massa call you?" "Sleep!" replied the poor fellow, "Sleep hab no massa."

Hindoo Weaver at Work.



Nothing can be more rude, or in appearance less calculated for delicate manufacture than the loom of the Hindoo weaver, which he sets up in the morning under a tree before his door, and takes down again at sun-set. This loom, of which our engraving will furnish a good idea, merely consists of two rollers resting on four stakes driven into the ground, and two sticks which cross the warp. These are supported at each end, the one by cords tied to the tree; and the other by two cords fastened to the foot of the weaver: these enable him to separate the threads of the warp, for the purpose of crossing it with the

woof. For the greater convenience he digs a hole in the ground to put his legs in. He uses a piece of wood or stick, or almost any thing that comes to hand, for a shuttle; and yet with such rude instruments as these the Hindoo weaver produces stuffs so fine that when spread on the grass they intercept none of its colour. Indeed Tavernier relates, that when the ambassador of Persia returned from India, he presented his master with a cocoa nut, richly set with jewels, containing a muslin turban, thirty English yards in length, and so extremely fine that it could hardly be felt by the touch.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TREES AND PLANTS.

Nature, ever intent upon the welfare of her noblest work, MAN, has diffused her blessings over every part of the habitable globe, though in a different degree. To the oriental world she has given one of the most surprising of her productions—the coco-nut tree. The nut affords, besides its kernel, a delicious milk. The husk, withinside of which the fruit is contained, is manufactured into ropes and cordage; while the shell itself is fashioned into cups,

basons, and various other culinary articles. The trunk forms rafters and beams for houses; and the uses to which the platted leaves, and other parts of this tree, are converted, are almost without number.

To the inhabitants of one of the Canary Islands, she has given trees, which distil water in such abundance as to serve all the purposes of man and beast. But why should I write in the praise of foreign trees, when England boasts many as beautiful and as useful? An elegant writer, (the name of whom I do not remember at this time) informs us, that when Artaxerxes commanded

his soldiers to fell some cypress and pine trees, they refused to execute the orders of their king, till he took an axe in his own hand, and began to cut down one of the most beautiful of them. So great a veneration had they for trees so truly majestic and lovely!

The mistletoe was held in such veneration by our ancestors, that crowds of persons were annually collected in the spring season, to go in search of it; and having found it, they informed the arch-druid, who ascending the tree, arrayed in a white surplice, cut it away with a golden knife; after which it was circulated as a charm against poisons and sterility. The Druids also placed great reliance in the imaginary virtues of several other trees and shrubs. The mountain ash was a universal remedy against the powers of witchcraft, and saved against all sorts of misfortunes.—In conclusion, I shall just observe, that there is scarcely a writer of any eminence, in the description of rural scenery, who was not partial to some particular tree. Chaucer gave a preference to the oak; Shakespeare to the mulberry; Virgil to the ash; Orpheus to the cypress; Socrates to the plane; Epimenides to the olive; and Cowley to the lime.—*Imperial Magazine.*

SPANISH SONG.

TRANSLATED BY MR. BOWRING.

My love, no more to England,
To England now shall roam,
For I have a better, sweeter love,
Yes! a truer love at home.
I want no fair-cheek'd damsel there,
To bind me in love again;
To seek a cold and distant fair
Were time employ'd in vain:
So then in search of Cupid
I'll not to England roam,
For I have a better, sweeter love,
Yes! a truer love at home.

Though fortune cheat me as she will,
Some pleasures will remain;
Though she trifle with the sun and moon,
Yet in her treacherous train
I'll go no more to England
In search of a kinder doom;
For I have a better, sweeter love,
Yes! a truer love at home.

If I should visit England,
I'll hope to find them true:
For a love like mine deserves a wreath,
Green and immortal too.
But O they are proud, those English
To all who thither roam,
And I have a better, sweeter love,
Yes! a truer love at home.

London Magazine.

MARIUS.

Marius, the man who rose *à caligè* to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon: and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were by the caprice of fortune monstrously inverted: the consul was in chains; the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reinstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy victors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He fascinated the slave as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing “like *Teneriffe*,” he smote him with his eye, and said, “*Tunc homo, andes occidere C. Marium?*” Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground—turned round upon his hands and feet—and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude as steadfast and immovable as the Capitol—*Ibid.*

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERIFIED.

No. X.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hagie;
Who, though she brought him cash and lands,

Yet prov'd a shocking plague.
For she was quite a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said, that he was tired of life,
She—she was tired of him.

Said he, “then I will drown myself,
The river runs below;”
Said she, “pray do, you silly elf!
I wish'd it long ago.”

Said he, “upon the brink upright
I'll stand;—run down the hill
And push me in with all your might,”
Said she, “my love I will.”

For fear that courage I should lack,
And try to save my life;
Pray tie my hands behind my back,
“I will,” replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
 And when securely done,
 "Now go," she cried, "upon the
 brink;
 And I'll prepare to run."
 All down the hill his tender bride
 Now ran with all her force,
 To push him in—he stepp'd aside,
 And she fell in of course.
 There splashing, struggling, like a fish,
 O, help me, Johnny Sands;
 I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
 For you have tied my hands.

THE GARDENER'S SONG.

*Sung at the Anniversary Dinner of
 the Horticultural Society in Dublin,
 in 1817.*

When the tendrils of love once strike
 root in the heart,
 They shoot freely without cultiva-
 tion;
 If the sun of encouragement warmth
 but impart
 To the soil of a sweet inclination.

Yet in this wide world's borders,
 wherever 'tis found,
 The *Bindweed* of interest gets seed
 in;
 Any money and *Marygold* cover the
 ground,
 While beneath the sweet *Rose*, *Love*
 lies bleeding.

Tho' single for some time an *Adonis*
 may keep,
 Sagely railing at wedlock so witty;
 While in *Venus's Looking-glass*, at
 ev'ry peep,
 A *Narcissus* appears *None* so pretty.

At last if he spies, 'mong the fair
Queens of the Mead,
 A good *Shepherd's Purse* full of
 bright money;

His *Bachelor's Buttons* then begin to
 look dead,

And he longs to be *Suckling* the
Honey.

Of *Raking* now tired (tho' as chill *Cum-
 ber* cold,

The fair daughter should prove to
 their union),

His eyes gaily glitten at the thought
 of her gold,

And you'd think he'd been slicing an
Onion.

In for love, lack-a-daisies, he ruefully
 pines,

Of a *Willow* he talks and his *Gar-
 ters*,

Ev'n the Sultan's *Imperial Crown*
 he'd resign,
 To be sav'd from the fate of *Love's*
 martyrs.

Thus I, when a trenching the stiff
 heart of my dear,

So well drill'd and tin'd out my
 whole carriage,

That fair words (though they butter no
Parsnips 'tis clear),

Full soon butter'd her over to mar-
 riage.

When I had cabbag'd her heart, and
 got her to wed,

O! this rare *Nonpareil*, thought so
 oft on!

A *Briar* (not a sweet one) I found in
 my bed,

A *Crab* good for nought but to graft
 on.

The Novelist.

No. XXVIII.

LOVE REWARDED:

A SPANISH STORY.

The plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world; they are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordillera Mountains, to the sea, and are covered with groves of orange trees and citrons, watered by many streams: one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao, which latter place is the scene of the following story.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father having borne many high offices in Peru, died much esteemed and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent passion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the western world.

But though the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who, preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent: and at length the unfortunate lover saw himself, under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board in the port of Callao, the ship ready to sail for Spain, the wind fair, the crew all employed, the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amidst the shouts and acclamations, with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those walls in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy thoughts, possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed: sudden flashes of lightning dart across; which increasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth: the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of Heaven to bend downwards. The Cordilleras, the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open with a sound that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the plains with fire, and threw rocks of immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao, tottered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner, you might see of every age and sex rushing into the streets and public roads: but even there was no safety; the whole earth was in motion; nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbour were, some of them, torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in explosion by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of spoils of furniture, and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was, perhaps, the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was

one of the few that rode out the tempest, concerned only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia. And he mourned her fate as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burthen.

But, after the space of an hour, this terrible hurricane ended; the earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beholds close by the stern of his ship, floating upon an olive tree, to a bow of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion; he hastened to her relief: he finds her yet breathing; and, raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented Cornelia! The manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded:

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were borne up into the midland, and trees and houses, and men, into the deep. It happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the sea, together with the tree, to which, in the beginning of the commotion, she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderness. Words cannot express them.

Oh, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair; haste, bear with thee to thy native Spain thy inestimable prize: return no less justly triumphant than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

Miscellanies.

THE WHISKERS.

A certain Swiss Captain of Grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since *Mars* had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of *Venus*, or, in other words, if he could not get a wife; and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, that it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The Captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of Hectoring blade might readily be applied. He was near six feet high, and wore

a long sword, and a fierce cocked hat; add to which, that he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore-finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodoman-tade, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed. Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views to be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune, and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal. Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her *super-superlative*, never-to-be-described charms, and in *hyperbolic* accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers by which his lugs, liver, and midriff were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawed away. He who in writing a song to his sweetheart described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop, was a fool at a smile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him on an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the *Great Mogul*, and present it to her divinityship; or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love, she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus: "The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me that there is nothing you would not do to oblige me; I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you, that I am willing to be yours if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you." "Tell me, immaculate angel!" cried our son of gunpowder, "tell me what it is! Though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the

seal of Solomon, to catch the Phoenix; or to draw your chariot to church with unicorns? What is the impossible act that I will not undertake?" "No, Captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes trouble; and yet, were it not for your positive assurances, and from what I have observed, I should almost doubt your compliance." "Ah, Madam," returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible that he who eats happiness and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a *semi-second* to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say!—what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?" "Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle!—only to cut off your whiskers, Captain, that's all." "Madam—(be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment)—My whiskers! cut off my whiskers! Excuse me, cut off my whiskers! Pardon me, Madam! Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prestor John's beard a hair at a time, and it is done: but for my whiskers, you must grant me a *salvo* there!" "And why so, good Captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle?" "A trifle, Ma'am!—my whiskers a trifle!—No, Madam, no! My whiskers are no trifle! Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers." "May be so, Sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off." "And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?" "Never!" "Why then, Madam, farewell; I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers if Catharine Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me King of the Calmucs: and so good morning to you." Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves with equal ease of the interested and unprincipled cockcombs by whom they are pestered:

they all have their whickers, and seek for fortunes to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

ANECDOTES OF PATRIOTISM.

The love of our country is a strong and sublime passion, which, in some respects, divests a man of his nature, and makes him love his country preferably to any other consideration. It was this passion that prevailed over Decius to make a sacrifice of his life, Fabius his honour, Camillus his resentment, and Brutus and Manlius their children.

The Lacedemonian Pederetes, as we find it recorded in the history of Lacedemon, presents himself for being admitted of the Council of Three Hundred, and is rejected. He returns home, overjoyed that three hundred men were found in Sparta of greater worth than himself.

A Spartan woman had five sons in the army, and impatiently expected news of the battle. She asks this news, trembling, of a messenger that returns from the camp. "Your five sons are killed." Vile slave! did I ask you that? "We have gained the victory." The mother runs to the temple, and gives thanks to the gods.

Another Spartan woman sees, in a siege, her eldest son, whom she had placed in a post, fall dead at her feet. "Call his brother (cried she immediately) to take his place."

The Swiss will always honour the memory of Arnold of Winkelried, a gentleman of the county of Undervald. In 1396, this virtuous citizen seeing, at the battle of Sempach, that his countrymen could not attack the Austrians, because these completely armed, and dismounting to form a close battalion, presented a front covered with iron, and barricaded with lances and pikes, conceived the generous design of sacrificing himself for his country. "Friends," said he to the Swiss, who began to be dismayed, "I am going to lay down my life for procuring you victory; all I have to recommend to you is my family. Follow me, and act as you will see me do." With these words, he disposes them in the form of a triangle, of which himself occupies the point, and so marches on to the enemy. Now close up with them, he catches at as many of the pikes as he could lay hold of; and then, falling on the ground, opened to those that followed him a way for piercing into this thick battalion. The Austrians, once broke, were conquered, the weight of their arms becoming fatal to them.

At the siege of Turin by the French army in 1640, a serjeant of the Piedmontese guards signalized himself by a singular example of patriotism. This serjeant guarded, with some soldiers, the subterraneous parts of a work of the citadel; the mine was charged, and there was nothing wanting but what they called a sausage, or pudding, to blow up several companies of grenadiers that had seized upon the work, and posted themselves there. The loss of the work would have accelerated the surrender of the place. The serjeant, with great resolution, orders the soldiers he commanded to retire, praying them to desire the king, his master, to protect his wife and children; he then strikes off a piece of brick work, sets fire to the powder, and perishes for his country.

In the history of China, we meet with the example of a Chinese, who, justly irritated on account of the oppression of the great, found access to the emperor with his complaints. "I come (said he) to present myself to the punishment to which like remonstrances have brought 600 of my fellow-citizens; and I give you notice to prepare for new executions. China still retains 18,000 good patriots, who, for the same cause, will follow each other to ask the same reward." The emperor's cruelty was not proof against so much intrepidity; he granted this virtuous man the reward that pleased him best, the punishment of the guilty, and suppression of the impostors.

The same history furnishes us, in a mother, with another striking example of love of the country. An emperor, pursued by the victorious arms of a citizen, would fain avail himself of the blind respect a son in that country has for the commands of his mother, in order to oblige that citizen to lay down his arms. He deputed, to the mother, an officer, who, with a dagger in his hand, tells her she must choose either to die or to obey. "Does thy master think," answered she, with an indignant smile, "that I am ignorant of the tacit, yet sacred conventions, that unite people to their sovereigns, whereby the people engage to obey, and the kings to make them happy? He was the first to violate those conventions. Base executor of the orders of a tyrant, learn from a woman what in such case is owing to thy country." With these words she snatches the dagger out of the officer's hands, smites herself, and says to him, "Slave! if any virtue still remains in thee, carry to my son this

bloody dagger; tell him to revenge his nation; let him punish the tyrant; he has nothing more to fear from me, nothing more to respect; he is now at full liberty to exert his virtue."

MADRIGAL, BY LODGE.

There is a tract of great rarity in the British Museum, from which Shakspeare is stated to have borrowed the plot of "*As you like it*," entitled "*Euphues's Golden Legacy*," by Thomas Lodge, a poet of the Elizabethan age, who was also the author of a great variety of valuable publications in prose, as well as verse. Ellis, in his "*Specimens of the Early English Poets*," has given three of his poems from the "*Pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla*," but has omitted to mention the following madrigal; the most beautiful, perhaps, of all his compositions. The addition from which it is transcribed is believed to be unique:—

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweetie;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feaste,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute—he tunes the string,
He music plays, if I so sing:
He lends me every living thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting.

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bowre my bosom be;
O, Cupid, so thou pity me,
I will not wish to part from thee.

THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.

The camp may have its fame, the court
its glare,

The theatre its wit, the board its
mirth;

But there's a calm, a quiet haven,
where

Bliss flies for shelter—the domestic
hearth!

If this be comfortless, if this be drear,
It need not hope to find a haunt on
earth:—

Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay,
caress'd;

But here, and only here, we can be
blessed!

Oh! senseless, soulless, worse than
both, were he,

Who slighting all the heart should
hoard with pride,

Could waste his nights in loose revelry,
And leave his bosom's partner to
abide,

The anguish women feel who love, and
see

Themselves deserted, and their hopes
destroyed:

Some doing one, perhaps, who hides
her tears,

And struggles at a smile when he
appears.

MURDER PREVENTED.

At a village, situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of the district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, inso-much that his neighbours were sometimes obliged by her cries to inter-pose in order to prevent farther mis-chief. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him into the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretend-ed to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down all along upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging his wife to drink. She believes him, and followed his ex-ample. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, and could not have prevailed but for the assistance of a dog who used to follow and was very fond of her. He immediately flew at the husband, seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of
other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A drunken fellow having sold all his
goods to indulge in his habits of intox-ication except his feather bed, at last made away with that also; when be-ing reproved for it by some of his
friends, "Why," said he, "I am very
well, thank God, and why should I keep
my bed."

During the high price of coals, a gentleman meeting his coal-merchant, inquired whether it was a proper time to lay in a stock? The knight of the black diamonds shook his head, observing, "Coals are coals now, Sir." To which his customer replied, "I am very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were all slates."

A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold. It might be so, replied the son, but he that lost it was up before him.

IGNORANT MAYOR.—In the reign of Charles I. a mayor of Norwich actually sent a fellow to prison, for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—As the king was passing in review several regiments near Potsdam, he observed a soldier who had a large scar over his face.—Finding he was a Frenchman, Frederick addressed him in his native language, saying, "In what alehouse did you get wounded?"—The soldier smartly replied,—"In that where your majesty paid the reckoning."

Charles the Second, in a gay moment, asked Rochester to write his Epitaph; which he did immediately, as follows:

Here lies the mutton eating King,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Charles, who could always relish a joke, on being shown this epitaph, wrote the following comment upon it: If death could speak, the King would say,

In justice to his crown,
His acts they were the Ministers,
His words they were his own!

GOOD WISHES.—An American paper thus addresses its readers on the commencement of the new year:—"We tender our patrons the usual compliments of the season, wishing them good fires without smoky chimneys, sleigh rides without overturning, warm garments without empty pockets, arguments without anger, and plenty of good cider, and withal good memories, which will enable them to keep in mind the old adage, that "short settlements

(particularly with the printer) make long friends." And to the ladies we wish more Chinchilla than Leghorn, more flannel than calico, more plaid than crape, more piety than prudery, more patience than petulance, more red cheeks than naked elbows; and, lastly, a complete victory over old bachelors."

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—The celebrated Duke of Buckingham, one day when he was reduced by his extravagance to considerable distress for want of money, met Sir John Cole, the most penurious man of his age. A conversation ensued, in which the Duke made known his distress, and concluded with his favourite phrase, "In the name of God, what must be done?" "Live as I do," replied the Baronet. "That I can do," replied the witty nobleman, "when all is done."

In the word abstemious, the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order a e i o u. The word facetious presents the same accidental singularity; and facetiously brings in the y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tim Tobykin, P. T. W., W. S. W., and the author of the articles on Medical Quackery, are requested to send to our Office for Letters any time after Monday next.

The communications of Tim Tobykin, P. T. W., J. H., ***, Old Harry, Jerry, Clodio, and H. P. in our next.

Antiquarius and Jed. Cleish as early as possible.

M. H., Fred. N. Acteon, J. B., and W. L.—e have been received.

X. Y. Z. is under consideration.

We should be glad to see the packet by Alfred, and will take care of it.

The Third Part of the *Miranon*, containing Twelve Numbers and Twenty-four Engravings, is published, Price 2s. And the First Volume of the *Mirror* is now completed. It contains nearly a thousand columns of interesting matter, and Forty Engravings. Price 5s. 6d. To be had of all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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